

management roof and leaving myself lots of flexibility below. There'll be a systems approach to functions," Winterton says, consciously using all the leaden jargon of a company president. "We're looking at a \$17-million budget — and that's big business."

He is not a hardnosed cop. He's never been shot at. He speaks softly and wears fashionable silver-rimmed glasses.

Though he'd dreamt of being a Mountie since he was a kid in Nordegg, Alta., he bought his way out of the RCMP in 1953 (for \$180) when regulations forbade his getting married. He immediately joined the Vancouver department and rose through a series of jobs where mind was more important than muscle — as a fingerprint expert testifying in court, a homicide detective, a staff sergeant reorganizing the identification records.

In 1971, after nearly two years in the intelligence unit, he became an inspector in charge of the troubled West End of downtown Vancouver. Community policing was catching on and Winterton took some of his men out of cars and put them back to walking the beat — a crime-prevention policy he'll be expanding.

Winterton will promote more projects in the community, like the one in an Italian district where an Italian-speaking cop is on hand at a neighborhood information centre a couple of nights a week, hangs around the streets in plainclothes on his own time and even shoots pool with local heavies.

But he will not parachute his own projects into a community. He'll work through new local resource boards to let them determine what they want. That's the same approach he'll take with city council, offering them a selection of budgets, recommending the best one but making them decide which package of policing they'll buy.

Don Winterton acknowledges drugs as the single most serious cause of crime in Vancouver. "But the biggest problem isn't drugs," he says. "It's the communications problem — communications with the community."

5

Cyril White

The president: cleaning up the stock exchange's act

Cyril White, president of the Vancouver Stock Exchange, plays the ponies. "I'm very successful," he says. "I'm a \$6 bettor. I don't lose money at the races. But I don't profess to be an expert on securities. I don't have the capability of looking at an annual report and analyzing it. I have spent more time figuring out the same thing for horses."

Yes, well, some would say that is a proper symbol for the Vancouver Stock

Exchange: a horse player. For years stock-market smoothies have considered B.C. the land of bilk and money; as a veteran financial writer says, "There've been a lot of bad actors in the penny stocks. There's a frontier atmosphere and a gambling spirit among investors in Vancouver."

Which Cyril White is well aware of. Coming in with a five-year contract last year, he was the third president in two years. White took over an exchange that

Last fall, an outside lawyer and a chartered accountant were appointed as exchange governors to represent the public.

White himself brought in an accountant to ferret out financial details of companies. The exchange now has five accountants (there used to be just one) and three of them work full-time on surprise audits that make sure its member companies are fiscally sound.

Bylaws have been rewritten and rules

wouldn't say who'd deposited the cash.

White came to the exchange after five years as a reform administrator of the B.C. Workmen's Compensation Board and earlier careers as a lawyer, a magistrate and the chief judge of the provincial court (a part-time administrative position). He was soon replacing exchange staff with employees of the compensation board. "I fired a few people," White admits.

Fittingly for a man who runs a tight ship, he looks like a naval commander. He stands 6-foot-3 and, at 52, has a lofty brow with his remaining hair a distinguished silver. He sits in his cool blue-green office in the exchange, the Sony TV monitor behind him beaming the latest action on the trading board, and he talks of his plans.

He'd like the exchange to trade in small mortgages guaranteed by the provincial government; the mortgages would be divided into units as low as \$500 and made available to the public to trade like ordinary shares. White believes the scheme — which the province hasn't yet approved — could promote residential home-building.

The exchange is also trying to convince its watchdog, the B.C. Securities Commission, to allow the first Canadian trading in options on blue-chip stock (rather than trading in the stock itself). An investor would buy a call on a stock — which means he has the option for a certain number of days to buy an agreed number of shares at a fixed price; if the value of the shares rises, he can call his option and buy the stock at the lower fixed price, then immediately sell it for a profit at the current higher price. If it drops, he loses his call money.

Another development: as a result of a group exchange trip last fall to Japan, Hong Kong and Singapore, White says that within a year "we will have listed and will be trading Far Eastern securities on the Vancouver exchange".

He's holding regular talks with the Toronto and Montreal exchanges about a central market system — in effect, a national exchange. "I think it's inevitable," he says. If it happens, Vancouver will become a much less active trading centre, "but I don't think we'll see the day when the Vancouver Stock Exchange board will disappear. Speculative trading is not going to meet the standards of the national exchange".

As White is quick to confess, the Vancouver market is mainly speculative, mostly mining stock.

And that's why he criticizes the tough mining royalty legislation proposed recently by the provincial NDP government. "This bill is not realistic. It's an absolute disaster. The mines we have now are going to continue," he says, but — as for the launching of new mines — "it's going to have a real effect in a couple of years."

Cyril White would bet on that.

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was just starting to clean up its act after bankruptcies and stock scandals had become almost commonplace in B.C. "I don't think the speculative investor was getting a good deal," White says now. "Our requirements for promoters weren't strict enough."

His predecessor, former B.C. Supreme Court Judge Thomas Dohm, had begun strengthening the listing committee, hiring professional staff instead of relying on exchange directors to decide whether a company could trade on the exchange.

stiffened in the last year: for instance, a five-man discipline committee — which for the first time allows accused members to be represented by lawyers and to have their hearings recorded — can now impose a \$20,000 fine for breach of discipline as well as expel a company from the exchange.

Already exchange members are feeling White's hot breath on their necks: in one case, he refused to let a company collect several million dollars through a Swiss bank — because the bank

SCENES FROM A LONELY LAND

And an eager doctor's struggle
to lessen the solitude



They look like an exclamation point at the edge of the country — lonely islands nearer Alaska than the rest of Canada. The 150 or so Queen Charlottes can be beaten by Pacific gales gusting to 100 miles an hour or caressed with air warmed by the

Japanese current that washes their western shores.

Secluded, they've become a preserve for rare plants and wildlife. Bald eagles, trumpeter swans, the thickest nesting of peregrine falcons in the world, tiny deer so abundant that the hunting season never stops. Rain forests of evergreens that have reached 14 feet across, and among unique vegetation at least six spruce as golden as their neighbors are green.

The 4,250 residents, about a third of them Haida Indians noted for their wood and stone carving, are just as exceptional. A schoolteacher, a woman who laughs at the outside world's image of the Charlottes as a sea-girt wilderness, says: "Let people have their misconceptions and let us have the place to ourselves." She isn't really laughing because she knows the islands are no longer isolated.

A daily jet, delivering loggers, miners and the occasional tourist, makes the 400-mile flight from Vancouver in 90



minutes. The Canadian Armed Forces have moved in with about 275 men to run a \$12-million surveillance station spying on ships and submarines in the northeastern Pacific; the base at Masset has 200 housing units that look as if they were airlifted

intact from a Toronto suburb. There is a radio telephone service to the mainland.

And the Queen Charlottes now have Dr. Hugh MacGuire.

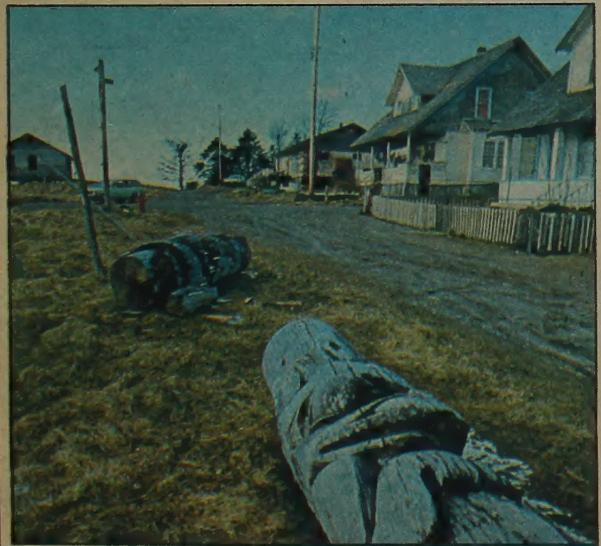
He's the administrator of the Queen Charlotte Islands General Hospital and he may be the biggest threat of all to the isolation of the islands. His dream is nothing less than to link them medically to the rest of the continent using Canada's Anik II satellite.

Beaming television signals from a ground station at his 27-bed hospital in grandiosely named Queen Charlotte City (population less than 1,000), he could consult medical experts in big cities across North America. No longer would his patients always have to make the expensive and often dangerous trips to Vancouver for major operations and specialized care. "And how do you get more doctors up here to stay?" he asks. "By providing them with instant communications so they don't feel lost," he answers.

Doctors at the little hospital (there are

For obvious reasons (left), the Queen Charlottes are sometimes called the Misty Isles. Far left: Dr. Hugh MacGuire (top) wants to link his hospital to the mainland by satellite; a \$12-million surveillance station

(centre) has brought hundreds of servicemen and suburban-type housing units to Masset; in a nearby village (bottom), the children play as usual. Above: carvings in argillite by the artistic Haidas.



three altogether) could conceivably hook up a patient to monitoring equipment that would feed medical facts to, say, a specialist in an Ottawa clinic. The consultant would be able to tell the doctor what treatment was needed and possibly even guide him in performing an operation.

That's dramatic, but almost as important would be use of the satellite to communicate laboratory data back and forth and send information such as x-rays; and perhaps to help train nursing students at the Queen Charlotte hospital. This can't be done now because neither high-quality voice lines to send accurate x-rays nor microwave towers for television transmission are available in the Charlottes — and even if they were, the doctor says, they would be more expensive than satellite communication.

As this is written, Dr. MacGuire's dream appears on the brink of possibility. He has endured months of indecision by the operators of Anik II, Telesat of Canada Ltd. — a private corporation co-owned by the federal government and major Canadian telephone and railway companies.

Last November Telesat's planning and marketing director, Barry Murphy, told reporters his company would cooperate with the doctor in designing a satellite experiment. Although one exploratory meeting was cancelled at the last minute, Telesat agreed to meet in Ottawa this week with Dr. MacGuire and a dozen technical people.

Federal Communications Minister Gérard Pelletier wrote MacGuire expressing interest and the Ministry of State for Science and Technology promised to send representatives.

Earlier, to publicize his project, Dr. MacGuire invited Nobel Prize-winning chemist Linus Pauling, a personal friend, to a Queen Charlotte City conference — also attended by the president of the Canadian Medical Association, Dr. Peter Banks, and the director-general of the federal Department of Communications research centre, Dr. George Holbrook.

Dr. MacGuire has also started discussing his satellite idea with possible partners, medical centres at the Universities of Ottawa and Sherbrooke, Que. He has sought estimates of the cost of a ground station the hospital would need to communicate by satellite (it might be as little as \$30,000). And he's now organizing what may become an international Centre for Rural Health based on the islands.

In the Queen Charlotte City white cemetery (top), wooden crosses; in the Indian cemetery at Skidgate (near left), stone monuments. Far left: a new totem pole and, lying casually in a Haida yard, the weathered stumps of two old ones.

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But the people of the Queen Charlottes — described by one writer as having "a fierce desire for independence" — are not overwhelmingly grateful to the doctor. "He doesn't fit in," said one islander — himself from Europe — echoing a common criticism. "I don't think he's hurt the hospital — he's a good doctor — but people who come up here should accept the way things are."

Dr. MacGuire is of course considered an outlander because he only came to the Queen Charlottes two years ago, but few islanders realize what he's done since he took over the hospital run by the United Church of Canada. He quickly set up a class of paramedics, eight young women taking a hospital assistant's course, learning on the job.

Without a satellite, Dr. MacGuire has already plugged his hospital into a big-city outlet. Most patients who have to be flown in to Vancouver now go to St. Vincent's, a 275-bed hospital run by Roman Catholic nuns. St. Vincent's laboratory staff act as consultants to the Queen Charlotte hospital. Its pathology department handles specimens from the island and Dr. MacGuire hopes the two hospitals will soon be linked by Telex.

Hugh MacGuire is, at age 55, lean and whitehaired. His scientific argot — "conceptual commitment to an open-ended system" — is flavored with a drawl. Born in Vancouver, he studied medicine at McGill University and Harvard but spent much of his career in Alabama, the home of his second wife.

He became intrigued by the possibility of using satellite communications to unite rural hospitals with urban partners. Where better, he thought, than underpopulated Canada? His father had been a United Church minister and his son was studying theology in Vancouver. So he took his idea to United Church officials there, who told him the Queen Charlottes desperately needed better medical attention. In 1972 he came back home to a country he thought would welcome such an experiment.

Despite some hesitation by Telesat Canada, he still thinks so. Especially since he heard not long ago that a communications professor at California's Stanford University has been transmitting medical data by satellite among major cities and remote areas of Alaska.

The American professor was using a channel that an American company leases on the same satellite Dr. MacGuire is dying to use — Canada's own Anik II.

Forty feet long and at least a century old, an unfinished Haida canoe (top) is being uncovered by workmen on a LIP grant. The mossy evergreens (left) grow in rain forests where tree trunks have reached 14 feet across.